

## **roll for initiative by pebbledashwall**

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**Summary:**

bigbill: how do you guys feel about D&D?

beverage: terrible writers

beverage: just ruined every1s chaarcterisation last season

eddieee: wbk bev

bigbill: shut Up were not ranting about game of thrones again

bigbill: i mean dungeons and dragons

rishie: HA nerd

or: the losers play dungeons and dragons and it goes about as well as you might expect it to

## roll for initiative

### Author's Note:

this is literally the longest thing i've ever finished  
and its a cracky d&d fic jesus christ

this was rly fun to write but probably will have to stand alone. i'm not writing out like a whole fucking campaign that's just not happening.

thanks to my sister for basically workshopping this with me and beta-ing and advising on d&d matters i luv yuu <3 <3

enjoy! xx

Bill - DM

Ben - Aasimar Druid

Bev - Changeling Rogue

Mike - Tortle Monk

Stan - Aarakocra Warlock

Eddie - Halfling Barbarian

Richie - Tiefling Bard

The whole thing is Bill's idea. He goes away with his folks to visit his cousins in Portland, and after three days of radio silence, messages the group chat:

**the bisexual agenda** [10:47pm]

**bigbill:** how do you guys feel about D&D?

Richie's about to roast him for his ghosting, when Bev replies first:

**beverage:** terrible writers

**beverage:** just ruined every1s chaarcterisation last season

**eddieeee:** wbk bev

Bev had ranted to them about Game of Thrones season 8 for a total of three hours and forty-eight minutes, according to Stan, even though they had all watched it together, and had all agreed it was shit.

**bigbill:** shut Up were not having this conversation again

**bigbill:** i mean dungeons and dragons

Of course Bill means Dungeons and Dragons. Because now they're about to go into senior year, they have to find new levels of nerdery to access.

**rishie:** HA nerd

**beverage:** rich i dont know how to tell you this

**eddieeee:** stfu you are a nerd idiot

**bennie:** i don't know that much about it but it sounds like fun?

It's really fucking sad, but as soon as Eddie responds to him, Richie's heart beats a little faster and he knows he's gone for the rest of the conversation.

**rishie:** i am not nerd i am big strong jock who has lots of hetero sex

**bigbill:** THAnk you ben

**bigbill:** ben is the only valid person here everyone else leave

**eddieeee:** shUT Up Richard

**mikeymike:** i also think it sounds kind of cool? would be v down to do it

**rishie:** only 4 u my love <3 <3

**bigbill:** MIKE YOU ARE ALSO VALID TY TY

**eddieeee:** I Will Kill You.

**bigbill:** one more and weve got a majority come on @**beverage** @**staniel**

**rishie:** kinky ;))))

**beverage:** yeah y not sonds fun to mee

**rishie:** o i just presumd we were gonna do it bc bill sugested it duh

**bigbill:** richie not to sound like eddie but stfu

**bigbill:** wheres stan anyway?

**rishie:** in ur mom lol

**eddieee:** I Am Going To Kill You. Just Wait.

**rishie:** agin with the kinks in gc eds ur making me blush

**eddieee:** BILL

**bigbill:** why are you yelling at me??

**eddieee:** tell him to stop

**bigbill:** you think i have some control over him?? bitch where

**rishie:** i am an unstoppable force eds

**rishie:** an ur my immovable object <3 <3

**beverage:** omg rich cud u be ny more obvious

**rishie:** SHUT UPPPPPPP BEVERLY

Okay so he has a crush on/is in love with Eddie. Okay so basically everyone except Eddie knows about it. That doesn't mean Beverly can just Call Him Out On It, Where Anyone Can See. Richie feels himself go red and smashes his face onto the pillow he was leaning on. It's a couple of minutes before he feels recovered enough to pick up his phone again.

**eddieee:** what just happened?

**bigbill:** idk but it seemed to work SO

**bigbill:** back to D&D

**bigbill:** i just played a session with my cousins and it was really fun and i think we should do it

**bigbill:** ive like half planned a campaign in my head so i can be dungeon master

**bigbill:** theres like stuff online about how to create characters and i can help when i get back

**bigbill:** OH and were all gonna need die

**rishie:** MOOD

**staniel:** He clearly means the singular of dice, Richie. Not everything is about your pitiful mental health.

**beverage:** STANS BACK

**bigbill:** yeh i meant dice i am dumb :(((

**staniel:** I was doing reading ahead of next year, which is something you all should be doing instead of discussing playing a fantasy game for twelve year olds.

**staniel:** And you aren't dumb Bill, it's an easy thing to get mixed up.

**bigbill:** ty stan <3

**bigbill:** but does this mean youre against d&d? :( :(

Ha, Richie thinks, watch Stan immediately backpedal now. Because if Richie has a ridiculous crush on Eddie, Stan has an equally ridiculous one on Bill.

**staniel:** I didn't say that. When did I say that?

**beverage:** uhh literally 30 secs ago

**mikeymike:** just now you said it was for 12 year olds

**staniel:** I can't read suddenly. I don't know.

**eddieee:** stan is jared, 19

**bigbill:** stOp with the mEmes do you guys want to play d&d or not

**beverage:** yah ofc

**bennie:** why wouldn't we?

**mikeymike:** it sounds really fun

**rishie:** i'm gonna make my character the SEXIEST

**staniel:** We've got to do something this summer anyway.

**eddieee:** y ar u getting so mad bill?

**beverage:** yeh y bill?

**rishie:** y bil?

**mikeymike:** why bill?

**staniel:** Why Bill?

**bennie:** why bill? :(

**bigbill:** I HATE YOU ALL

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So, they're doing D&D now. They're one of Those groups of friends. Richie's not really that familiar with it - he knows his cousin in Indiana used to play it a lot in middle school. He has vague memories of being about six and being told to Get Out of the basement when Mike and his friends were doing a session when the Toziers were visiting. He knows like, meme stuff about it off the internet, that the DM is basically god - actually, fuck Bill, who always insists he isn't their leader then makes himself god at the earliest opportunity - and like, 'roll for initiative' is a thing? Unclear.

But that's about it, and honestly, Richie has better things to do this summer - like hang out with Eddie, annoy Eddie, try not to kiss Eddie, daydream about kissing Eddie, feel guilty about daydreaming

about Eddie, in that order - so it kind of slips his mind until after Bill gets back and they all meet up in Ben's house and Ben has like, a whole pile of books sat on the coffee table in the lounge.

"They're my brother's," Ben explains, smiling shyly, "he used to DM for his friends in high school, but he didn't take them to college with him, so I asked if we could borrow them. He also has four sets of die, so we'll only need another three."

"*Sets of die?*" Richie asks, "What is a set of die?"

Everyone looks at him like he's an idiot, which, to be fair, isn't that different from how they usually look at him.

"A set of die," Bev says slowly, like she's speaking to a small child, "Is the mechanic that the whole game is based on."

"They're all different sizes," Ben says, slightly less condescendingly, "With different numbers on, because you use them for different things."

There's a moment of silence, and then Richie says, "But why can't you just use, like, a normal dice for everything? Seems like it would be simpler."

Everyone groans. Bill puts his head in his hands. Eddie snorts, "Seriously, Rich, did you not do any reading for this? At all."

"No," Richie says honestly, "what, did you?"

"Uh, yeah," Eddie nods. Everyone else round the room nods as well, expressions of baffled incredulity on their faces, except Bill, who still has his head in his hands like he's contemplating murder.

"Oh," Richie says, "I figured we'd all just work it out as we went along."

Bill raises his head, and looks at Richie with fury in his eyes, "I specifically asked you to do reading Richie! I said that! Pacifically!"

"Sorry?" Richie tries. He honestly didn't realise he'd have to do reading for this, if he had he might not have agreed to it in the first

place.

Bill releases a cry of despair, and throws himself back on the couch. Eddie and Bev are trying not to laugh while Ben just looks upset, and Stan has a faintly amused expression that says ‘I’m disappointed, but in no way surprised’.

Mike reaches forward to go through the stack of books, “It’s okay, Richie can just read through the rules while we sort out everyone else’s characters,” and he hands Richie a book which says ‘Player’s Handbook’ on the front.

Richie tries not to sulk as he sits curled up on the armchair and *reads* while everyone else gets to start making their characters. He tries his best to pay attention to the handbook, but he can’t help but interject when Stan says, “I’m going to be an aarakocra.”

“An era-what now?” Richie grins, and gets six glares in response.

“A bird-person,” Bill explains with gritted teeth, “which you’d know if you’d done any reading, at all!”

Richie just grins, “Wow, Stan, I knew you loved birds, but didn’t pin you as a feathery.”

Then everyone pelts dice at him, and after that he shuts up for a bit because it hurt, okay.

He manages to get through the rules section fairly well, only skimming slightly, and okay, he gets now why he had to do reading because this seems incredibly complicated. He still feels like his grasp on the rules is fairly tenuous, but he figures the others will know enough to let him coast along on their hard work - which honestly is Richie’s MO. He manages to get through the races too, skimming slightly more now because he can feel his concentration slipping. His foot is tapping on the arm of the couch, which gets him a glare from Stan, so he tries to tap his fingers on his thigh instead.

None of the races really strike him until the final one, the tiefling, which basically seems to be the Sexiest and Coolest to Richie - so obviously, he has to choose that one. He hasn’t come across the

fuck, areacock or whatever Stan was on about, so he figures there must be other races in the other books, but he feels like he'll just piss everyone off even more if he asks to look through them.

By the time he gets to the classes, his concentration is really flagging, so he just picks the first one, barbarian, which is cool as shit anyway, because it's just the Hulk, right? Awesome. He tries to skim through the rest of the book, but it just really isn't going to happen, and he gets distracted when Bill says, "Okay, Eddie, your turn."

Eddie takes a breath before saying, "Okay, I don't want anyone to laugh at this, especially not you Richie," and he shoots Richie a warning glare.

Richie drops the book to put his hands up in mock surrender, "Me? Laugh at you? Eds, I would never!"

Eddie glares at him harder, and is about to respond, when Bev sighs, "Just get on with it Eddie, you can flirt with Richie later."

Richie feels himself go pink, and shoots his own glare at Bev, while Eddie just coughs a bit before saying, "Okay, well, I'm going to be a halfling barbarian."

And, *fuck*, that's just the cutest thing Richie's ever heard, not to mention the most accurate, because 'tiny person who rages a lot' basically *is* Eddie. But that means Richie has to pick up the book again, and flip back to the classes section, and try not to be distracted by Eddie passionately talking about how his character never really fit in with the other halflings because he couldn't just sit by and let injustices happen, while the other halflings would just accept anything so as not to rock the boat. So Eddie left to - and Richie really should be concentrating on what he's supposed to be doing Jesus Christ.

Okay. Classes. Why are they called classes? Is it like social classes, but everyone is defined by what job they do? Because that sounds like fascism to Richie, which, not a fan. How crazy would that be, if you just went, 'Oh, I'm an accountant' and that like, defined your existence. Though maybe for accountants it is like that. No, that's a lazy stereotype. He's sure there are accountants out there who have

absolutely wild personal lives and are very fun people. Surely there are.

God damn it. Richie makes himself focus on the book. What's next, a bard? What, like Shakespeare? Though to be fair, it'd be pretty cool to be Shakespeare, just like, taking the piss out of everyone and getting drunk all the time. That's like, Richie's dream life.

"Richie? Your turn dude," Bill says, and Richie looks up to see the others looking at him expectantly.

"Er, okay," Richie says, "I'm gonna say right now, not got a detailed backstory."

"That's fine," Bill says, looking like he's losing the will to live, "just, what race and class do you want to be?"

"Um, a tiefling bard?" Richie says, and he doesn't mean for it to come out as a question but he's not really sure if he's saying that right, tiefling. Is it tee-fling or tye-fling?

Bill just nods and writes something down on the form in front of him. Jesus Christ, there are *forms*. The full nerdiness of this hadn't hit Richie yet but it does now.

"Okay, now roll this six times," Bill instructs, and hands Richie what he knows from the handbook to be a d20.

He rolls it once, and it's a 16. "Nice!" Richie says, "put it in Charisma."

"Er, you do know you get, like, an extra 2 on Charisma for being a tiefling, right?" Mike asks. He's looking through another book, open to the tiefling page.

"Yeah," Richie says. He totally didn't know that. "I'm Charismatic as fuck, baby."

Stan raises his eyebrows, "In your dreams."

"Hey, fuck you too, Staniel," Richie says mock-offendedly, at which Eddie snorts. Something in Richie's chest lights up, as it always does

whenever he makes Eddie laugh.

“Richie!” Bill says, sounding on the verge of losing it, “Please just roll the dice.”

He rolls the dice. It’s a 1.

They all look at it in silence before Eddie starts giggling.

“Hey!” Richie says, smiling at Eddie, he can’t help it.

“So, I’m bumping that up to a 3,” Bill says, an eerie sort of calmness in his voice, like he’s gone so far past being annoyed he’s gone through the other side.

“Hey!” Bev frowns, “When I got a 3, you didn’t bump that up to a 5!”

“That’s because he physically can’t have a 1, Beverly. He can’t have a *minus 5* modifier. I’m not allowing it,” Bill says, with such finality that Bev just backs the hell off, hands in the air. “Where do you want to put your 3, Richie? Bearing in mind that’s a minus 4 modifier.”

“Ehh, Constitution,” Richie says after a moment’s thought.

“Consti-Constitution?” Bill asks, sounding like he’s about to pass out.

“Are you sure, Richie?” Ben asks.

“You’d have an HP of 4,” Mike adds.

Richie shrugs, “Yeah.”

Eddie and Bev burst into laughter. Stan looks like he’s trying not to join them.

“4 HP!” Bill cries, “4 hit points!”

“I mean, a bard’s just like, a magical cheerleader, right? I can’t get too badly hurt,” Richie reasons.

“A magic- a magical cheerleader. You know what?” Bill says, like a man on the edge, “Do it. Who cares right? It’s fine! This is FINE.”

They manage to fill out the rest of Richie's character sheet with relatively less pique. Richie picks some absolutely Choice spells, including a cantrip called Vicious Mockery which he cannot *wait* to use. Then Ben suggests they put on Friends, something nice and neutral so Bill's blood pressure can return to normal, and they spend the rest of the evening piled up together on the couch in the way they have done since they were 12. It's nice, really nice, and Richie's suddenly hit by the fact they've only got one more year of this, before everyone leaves for college, and he curls himself closer to Stan on his left and puts his arm around Mike's leg behind him, and tries not to think about how much he'll miss these losers when they all move away.

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Bill takes another couple of weeks to finish planning the campaign, which turns out to be a sort of fantasy whodunnit, where their characters have been brought in to a mountain town to solve a series of disappearances. Richie has to admit, it's pretty fucking cool, and he gets really into it, developing an absolutely incredible Character Voice that's somewhere between Joe Pesci and Mickey Mouse, and annoys everyone to no end.

And the whole 4 HP thing doesn't even prove that much of an issue. Through a mix of Bill's campaign design, fortuitous rolls, Mike using his Monk as a body shield, and Ben using all his spell slots on healing spells and buffs, Richie manages to avoid death saving throws until their fourth session, which, now he understands the game a bit better, he knows is pretty fucking impressive.

But all good things have to come to an end, as it were. They're in the caves under the mountain, confronting this bad guy who's organising a slave ring down there - which Bill totally ripped from Indiana Jones but whatever. They're all pretty convinced this is a red herring on the mystery they're supposed to be solving, but what are they going to do, just let the slave ring continue? Of course not.

So now they're battling the guy's goons, Richie trying, as he does in all encounters, to stay out of close range contact, casting spells and inspiring everyone else, as he does in everyday life, obviously. It's the third turn of the encounter, and one of the goons gets out a heavy crossbow. Bill looks up at Richie, smile eerily bright.

“...and they shoot it at you, Richie,” Bill smiles. The fucker is enjoying this way too much. “Anyone looking forward to a second act death?”

“You bastard,” Richie swears.

“Aw, come on Bill,” Bev says, “We’ve been doing so well at keeping Richie alive! It’s practically become a whole sidequest of its own.”

Bill just smiles serenely, and rolls a d20. It’s a 14.

“That hits,” Richie says, closing his eyes as Bill reaches for his d10.

“Oh, that’s 6 piercing damage!” Bill says brightly, “What’s your HP again, Rich?”

“4,” Richie glares at him. Next to Bill, Eddie is trying not to laugh, which, fuck you dude, whose side are you on?

“Oh, too bad,” Bill continues, “Guess you’re unconscious, and Ben just ran out of spell slots too! So you’ll be doing a death saving roll on your next turn. Which is now.”

If Richie is going to die, he’s at least going to go properly. “Arghhghhhh,” he says, dramatically throwing himself backwards “I’m dying! Eds, I’m dying! I need the kiss of life!”

“You’re unconscious, asshole,” Eddie frowns, “You can’t talk. And the kiss of life isn’t a thing, you’re bleeding out, not suffocating. And don’t call me Eds.”

“No, I like this!” Bill grins, even more excited than when he was trying to kill Richie, “If Eddie kisses Richie, he gets advantage on all his death rolls.”

A murmured ‘ooooh’ goes through the group, and they all look at Eddie expectantly. Richie, for his part, is delighted. If he, in real life, isn’t getting any action, at least his fantasy counterpart could be.

Eddie frowns in contemplation, “And this would be for the good of the party?”

“Yeah, come on Eddie,” Bev encourages, “We’ve all done our part to keep this jerk alive, now it’s your turn.”

The next bit seems to happen in slow motion. Richie watches as Eddie seems to come to a decision, his face settling into that determined, brave look he gets sometimes and that Richie loves, loves, loves. “Okay,” Eddie says, “I’ll do it,” and he surges up from where he had been sitting on his knees and leans across the coffee table they’ve been playing on and presses his lips against Richie’s.

It’s brief, and awkward, Eddie’s forehead knocking against Richie’s glasses, and Richie’s much too shocked to reciprocate, and then Eddie pulls away and is as red as a tomato, but looks sort of pleased with himself, until he notices that everyone else is looking at him like he’s grown a third head.

Bill is the first to break the silence, “Well, I meant your characters, but that works too, I guess,” he says weakly.

Eddie’s eyes go wide, and he goes even redder, if that were possible. A part of Richie tells him to reach out to Eddie, to comfort him, but he’s still in a state of disbelief at what just happened, so he does nothing to stop the other boy when he gets up and basically runs out of the room.

Everyone looks at each other in a state of bewilderment. “Did that really just happen?” Ben whispers to the room at large, which honestly, big fucking mood, Jesus Christ.

Stan recovers first, “Okay, well, it’s not Eddie’s turn for ages yet, so Richie, do your roll, and then Go And Sort It Out,” he glares at Richie, with a look that Richie knows means if-you-don’t-tell-him-this-time-I-will-personally-kill-you.

Richie swallows, and nods dumbly. He rolls a d20. He needs a 10 to save. It’s an 8.

“Okay, now roll it again,” Bill sighs, “let’s see if all this was worth it.”

Richie rolls the die again. It’s a 20.

They all stare at it for a second.

“Well fuck,” Bev says brightly, “I guess it was worth it!”

“You’re back up to 1HP,” Bill says, with the existential exhaustion of a 50-year-old kindergarten teacher. “Now please go and sort things out with Eddie so that he can take his turn.”

“Okay,” Richie says, feeling a little bit sick. He gets to his feet unsteadily.

“You’ll be fine, Richie,” Mike says, reaching up to pat Richie’s knee, “Eddie really does like you. All you have to do is be honest.”

“Right, easy,” Richie shrugs. Like hell that’s easy. He smiles at the others though, “No worries, guys, I’ll get our little barbarian back in no time.”

Stan raises his eyebrows, “Are you sure about that?”

“Yeah,” Bev grins, “You might get distracted if Eddie decides he needs to ‘give you advantage’ again.”

Blushing red, and unable to think of a witty response, he just flips them all off and follows Eddie out into the Hanscoms’ backyard.

Eddie is sat on the edge of the deck, his little legs not quite reaching the ground, which is adorable. He doesn’t look as if he’s been crying, which, thank god, Richie hates it when Eddie cries. It’s the absolute worst. But he is still kind of red, and curled into himself in the way he does when he’s overthinking something.

Well, here goes nothing.

“Hey,” Richie says, stepping forward, and cringes. Jesus Christ. *Hey . Could you be any more lame, Tozier?*

Eddie whips round, eyes going wide, and immediately starts gabbling, “I’m so sorry Rich, I’m so sorry. I got confused because you weren’t doing your character voice, and I thought you actually wanted me to kiss you, and then when Bill said yes, you didn’t protest so I thought it was okay, and I didn’t realise you were talking about the characters, because of course you don’t want to kiss me, that was really stupid and I-”

"I do," Richie blurts out. Eddie stops and looks at him in confusion. Richie swallows and continues, "I do want to kiss you. All the time."

Eddie's mouth falls open in shock, "You do?" he squeaks. God, he's so cute.

"I do," Richie nods, and, in a weird burst of confidence, moves to kneel next to Eddie on the deck, "And other stuff, like, date you, and hold hands, and, you know, other stuff," he blushes slightly, "But kissing you seemed like the most pertinent one to mention."

Eddie seems to recover a bit, "W-well why didn't you?" he frowns, "You didn't kiss me back at all!"

"Well, gee, Eds," Richie says dramatically, "I've had a crush on you for 6 years, you can't blame a guy for being a little shocked!"

Eddie looks taken aback, "6 years? Since we were 11?"

Well, fuck. Richie hadn't meant to let that little Fun Fact out. But, fuck it, he's here now, might as well throw the baby out with the bathwater.

"That was when I realised it," he nods, sheepishly, "though it probably actually started before that." God, he hopes the others were right and Eddie does like him, because otherwise Richie might actually die.

Eddie still looks shocked, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, first off, Mr Memory, we weren't exactly out when we were 11," Richie says, picking at the hem of his shirt, "And then, I guess I thought you didn't like me like that. I mean, why would you?" Richie tries to joke, but it doesn't really work.

"Why would I like you? Why wouldn't I like you?" Eddie says. Richie looks up at him, and Eddie's blushing like anything, but he carries on, "You're my best friend, you always look after me, you always cheer me up when my mom's being shitty, you make me feel safe, and you make me feel powerful too, like I can do anything. And you're so much cleverer than you let on, and you're funny and," Eddie slows down, seeing the smile on Richie's face, "you're not bad-

looking, I guess.”

Richie feels like he’s flying, like he’s in the stars, but he can’t help needling Eddie a bit. “Oooh, ‘not bad-looking’! Mama, get the smellin’ salts, A’m gonna swoon!” he says in the Southern Belle Voice, fanning himself dramatically.

“Shut up, Richie,” Eddie says without any real heat, going to slap Richie’s face, but it ends up being more of a caress, which gives Richie goosebumps all over.

Richie waggles his eyebrows, “Make me.”

Eddie rolls his eyes, “Oh my god, that’s such a line-mmph!” he tries to say as Richie surges forwards to kiss him.

And then they’re kissing, and it’s so nice. It starts pretty chaste, just lips against lips, until Eddie opens his mouth in a little gasp, and then it’s not so chaste. Richie moves his hands to Eddie’s waist and pulls him closer, and Eddie puts his hands in Richie’s hair, which feels so good Richie’s brain cuts out for a millisecond. Eddie uses the leverage to basically pull himself into Richie’s lap, and the angle from there is *so much better*. Richie’s not really had a lot of kissing experience to compare this to, but to him it feels pretty fucking fantastic. Eddie’s throwing everything into it, as he does with everything, and it’s fucking overwhelming and hot as *fuck*. His dick certainly agrees, and when Richie realises this, he reluctantly pulls away.

Eddie makes a little noise of annoyance, and tries to follow him, but Richie uses his purchase on Eddie’s waist to hold him still.

“Slow down there, cowboy,” he says, voice slightly rough. He’s trying not to look at Eddie’s lips, but it’s really hard, because they’re swollen and pink and *right there*. “I think we need to stop before this becomes an unmanageable situation,” he says, gesturing to his crotch.

To Richie’s surprise, instead of earning him a glare and a slap, Eddie just blushes and looks at Richie’s dick with something that can only really be described as *hunger* and Richie is going to *die*.

“Jesus, Eds, you’re going to kill me if you look at me like that. Come

on, the others are waiting for us,” Richie groans as Eddie nuzzles into the dip of his collar bone.

“But I don’t wanna,” Eddie whines, his voice slightly muffled, “I just got you,” he looks up at Richie doing full doe-eyes, and *Jesus Christ*.

Richie gulps. He can’t believe he’s being cockblocked by a fucking tabletop game. “Think of it this way,” Richie tries to say as Eddie presses little kisses to his neck, “the sooner we finish the session - *Jesus* - the sooner we can leave and go back to my house.”

Eddie stops and pulls back, “Ugh, fine. But I’m not happy about it,” he pouts. He is literally the cutest thing in the world and Richie cannot believe he likes him back.

“Alright then, come on Spaghetti,” Richie says, moving Eddie off him gently and standing up, trying to calm himself down enough so its not *completely* obvious they’ve been making out sat on the Hanscoms’ deck.

“Ugh, do you have to call me that,” Eddie scrunches his nose as they go back into the house.

“Yep, it’s part of the Tozier experience, sorry babe,” Richie says, because he’s always wanted to call Eddie that. It makes Eddie blush a little, and Richie feels like he’s just won a prize.

When they walk back into the lounge, everyone stops talking immediately and turns to look at them.

“Well?” Stan asks expectantly.

Both boys freeze - they haven’t talked about this, about what they are now. Richie would like them to be boyfriends, but he doesn’t know if Eddie really wants that or if he-

“Me and Rich have made a decision,” Eddie declares, breaking Richie’s train of thought as he grabs his hand.

“We have?” Richie frowns in bewilderment at Eddie, who looks determined and beautiful.

“Yes, we have made a character choice, and have decided that our characters are dating now,” Eddie smiles, all pleased with himself, and Richie just loves him, he loves him so much.

Everyone else is calling out a mixture of “Congratulations!” and “Finally!” and “I knew it!”, but Richie can’t help but ignore them, as he pulls Eddie up into another kiss.

**Author's Note:**

richie's adhd is undiagnosed here, and his thought process during the bit where he's trying to read the handbook is basically how my brain does its Thang so sorry if that was a bit weird for everyone!!

also u get a prize if you can spot every dumb reference i put in here. the prize is my amazement and respect because some of them were uh bizarre and dumb.

nyway lmk what you think!! i, like richie, thrive on attention so please validate me xoxo